

## CHAPTER XIII

### *SHARK'S ISLAND*

**I** T was now half past two in the afternoon. The foliage of the mangrove was so dense that the rays of the sun, though almost vertical, could not penetrate it. Thus Fritz and his companions ran no risk of being detected in the aerial dwelling of Falconhurst, of the existence of which the savages who had landed on the island had no idea.

Five men, half naked, with the black skins of natives of Western Australia, armed with bows and arrows, were coming along the path\*. They had no notion that they had been seen, or even that there were other inhabitants of the Promised

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Land besides those of Rock Castle.

But what had become of ML Zermatt and the others ? Had they been able to make their escape ? Had they fallen in unequal combat ?

Of course, as John Block remarked, it could not be supposed that the number of aborigines

who had landed on the island was  
limited to  
these few men. Had they been so  
inferior numerically, they could not have got the  
better of WL